Oil money

Hustleunion

[Verse 1: Chuck Inglish]
Where do we have to go
I don't know, let me know where we end up
Cause I'm not about to sit and watch it get us
Just picture the stickers is on it
And it's flashy, flauntin', funny that them people only want that gold to pawn it
I need that gold to wear it on the court like I'm Jordan
Performin', I'm scorin' way more than I'm supposed to and I'm lookin' way better in person than my photos
But let's not talk about me
Let's talk about this
If it's too hot then take your hands off
Pass it like Joe Montana
Champions
Hats off, salute
Now what do you look forward to, the landing or the take off
Get back cause them apes I gotta harlem shake off
I got the paint, I just need some shit to paint on[Chorus:]
This is a lullaby
Not intended to make you cry
But to open up your eyes
And in this lullaby
You got to do right
Before you die
Before you die[Verse 2: Chip Tha Ripper]
Cleveland nigga wintertime I catch a flight to somewhere sunny
Come to visit
Fuck yo couch they shouldn't have gave us niggas money
For the honeys
Like they woulda said in '94
Bumpin jodisee and anything I say will probly go
While we smoking in that 'Lac truck headed to the mall
Now we coppin' even though I left my wallet in the car
Yeah she got it, deposit we got it, good credit good head and it's all copasetic
She cool and she get it, priceless
The nice tits, she got that look twice chest, she righteous we might just
Valet the Mercedes in the front just to give 'em what they want
Cameras flashin' hoppin' out with the blunt[Chorus][Verse 3: Freddie Gibbs]
Who knew this rappin' shit would pay off
I'm firin' up the kill like I got fired on my day off

See a whole lotta niggas get broke and like some broad they like to break off
And the same old bitch that spent their change with be the same bitch I'm gonna shake off
The monster of the mid yo
Quick to Richard Dent a nigga
Peace to all my OT hoes and the gifts they love to send a nigga
Fresh white socks and a black d bones
We done rode down back and [?]
Bend these foes on stage at the show blowin' out those swishas witcha
(Feel it nigga)
If ya'll broke then I can keep my day job
Ski mask is my uniform and them dope dealers gonna stay robbed
T-top ceiling and my dank still stinkin' and I crush ya feelings like the saints did peyton[Chorus][Verse 4: Bun B]
Fresh pair of levi's white t and 6 carmines
Hoppin' out some 2010 shit yes, the car's mine
Sittin' in Corinthians sit back watch the stars shine
I know you starstruck shit I can leave a star blind
Booyah just like Isaiah
A playa, the pro bowl, the mayor
I'm so cold, they stare
The ho stroll's prepared I'm pimpin' my ride out
Then back to my lair
The honeycomb hideout
Your honey's go hide out in my crib like a fugitive
She wanna have a ball I told her I got two to give
She wanna see the flashin' lights and red carpet
I let her pop a double stack, I'm tryin' to start shit
She's on her bare skin layin' in a bear skin
Her body's super thick and it's fair skin, I'm there then
On my sofa smokin' jacket Gucci loafers and I'm blowin' on a swisher while she's blowin' me
It's over
[Repeat]

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